

The Daily Tar Heel

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This 'n That Tale Of Woe

By Bill Buchan

Sunday afternoon, I found a note on my room door from my friend Katie of Raleigh.—Wilbur Amberson's girl friend—or I should say, his former girl friend.

Anyway, Katie wrote me "Billyboy, rush it on up to Aggie's. I must needs have a talk with you." When a woman with a figure—shape, or anything else you want to call it—like Katie, sends for me, brother I show up, and up to Aggie's I galloped.

When I got there, she was sitting near the back in one of those plush leather seats drinking a cup of coffee and giving five or six of the waiters a glad eye. When she saw me coming, she waved them away with a "push on, kids, your sweetiepie's loverboy is here." This routine, of course, didn't surprise me, cause Katie had performed that act in my room last year and I knew that it was just a line. Besides, everytime I ever go near Raleigh, I hear more about it.

So I sit myself down opposite her and give her a roughtumble look. "What's up, blonde?" I asked and with that, she breaks into a bucket full of tears. Now, I ain't used to seeing women cry—unless they're crying over me—and I still ain't used to it—so I gives her another square look and repeat my question, "What's up, frizzle top?"

"Wilbur—the bum—has thrown me over." She wailed, he's given me up. He told me to take a airplane to China and not to wait for a slow boat." "What's the matter with him?" I asked. "Last time I saw him, he was heading for Raleigh, and you and he were going to Dook for their tilt with the Deacons."

"Yeah, we went to Durham all right, but I might as well have stayed in my bed. He didn't even so much as look at me. It's all that damned roommate of mine at the house."

Figuring that there was more coming, I didn't say anything, just kept listening. "That Mabel, she went and took him away from me. I was fool enough to take her along with us and that jerk Amberson hasn't seen me yet," she screamed.

Now, Katie is a pretty terrific little number. As I said, she's got a figure that, as far as I know, has never been equalled, she lives in a swell house in Raleigh, she's got terrific genuine blonde hair and she's got personality that ain't been used yet. So I was instantly curious as to the particular of this gal, Mabel.

"What's so terrific about Mabel," I asked. "Nothing. Not a darn thing. She's just got fiery red hair, a 38-inch bust that doesn't need a true-false test to prove it's existence, a pair of eyes that can slay any normal man, and a figure that makes every thing else look silly."

"Wouldn't look silly to me," I replied. "That baby has got everything."

"She's got my Wilbur."

"Katie," I said, "I'll appoint my self a committee of one to go and find Mabel and send Wilbur back to you. Then I'll take over."

"Katie threw a cup of coffee on me (she has quite a temper), kicked me in the shins and screamed, "Oh no, you're not going near that woman. I've got to have a date for the Duke game, and I'm not going to lose you. Wilbur won't come back. You're sticking with me—and I'll just pretend you're him."

I started to leave, and she tackled me right in the aisle, so I sat back down again. It looks like I have a date for the Duke game, but if anyone sees a red head, with the proportions I listed, how about looking me up so I can see her. I won't be able to leave Katie, though, cause she's gonna have me handcuffed.

Maybe you other gals had better do that too.

Still Life in the United States . . . by a Master Artist



Distributed by King Features Syndicate by arrangement with The Washington Star

Dear Mom

Confessions Of A Rushee

Dear Mom,

I've often read how press gangs used to shanghai sailors to serve on sailing ships. I thought these days were over, but after going through fraternity rush week here at Carolina I'm not so sure.

I dropped by the Mu Mu house on Monday. We fraternized a while, making with the usual small talk, drinking sour punch, and machine stale cookies. That was okay.

But, about 8:30 they brought in a hillbilly band, which had a piano, and pianist, too. They put the grand in front of the closet in which they'd put our coats and stuck the "musicians" around it. Then the rubes cut loose. I hadn't heard such a racket since the V-J night celebration.

I wanted to leave but it was raining, so I asked one of the brothers if I could get my coat. He stuck his face in my ear—it was a damn tight fit, too—and shouted that he couldn't hear me. Other fellows tried to leave, but they got the same run-around.

The music ended at 9:30, along with night's legal rushing. We rushees were burned up. Earlier I'd noticed a long-nosed guy with hat-over-eyes peeking in a window. A Mu told me that the character was an IFC checking up to see that the rushing was kept clean.

Tuesday night I went to the Rho Psi house. After the usual hand-shaking routine, one of the Rhoers suggested that we look over the house. We followed the brothers down into a smoke-filled basement room. I heard odd whirring and clinking noises as we entered the room. My plates nearly dropped off when I saw an array of gambling machines which would have

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Maybe you other gals had better do that too.

Some Snake!

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. — (AP) — The diamondback rattler is good for something after all—around \$100 each when the manufacturers get done with him. Here is the way one good-sized rattler is broken down, according to dealer lists:

Canned meat, \$2.50 for a five-ounce can, retail; \$24 (Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission says the delicacy is gaining in popularity); leather from tanned skin: \$20; vertebra (for making souvenirs); \$30; head-bones, rattlers and fangs: 1.75; anti-venom (made from the snake's venom): \$4; snake-oil for medicinal purposes: \$6; and a more highly refined product used as a leather dressing: \$12.

done justice to Monte Carlo.

Each rushee was issued \$5 in nickels, dimes, and quarters and was told to join in. I was afraid to play at first (I thought I'd just keep the money). But the other rushees seemed to be doing okay, so I joined in. I played roulette and bingo, shot crap, and fed the slot machines. Every time I started to leave, a brother grabbed me and either introduced me to other people or plied me with food and drink. So I didn't get away till 10, but I didn't mind cause I cleared \$4.65. Those fellows are okay.

The Nu Nu Psi frat was my target on Wednesday. I met everybody, saw the house, and then started to leave. The Nus couldn't find my coat, but suggested that I wait back in the game room while they looked for it. I went to the room and found a game in progress—with chips a nickel apiece. Being of a sporting nature, I joined in. Other rushees who couldn't find their coats kept wandering in. Soon there were four games going strong.

A Nu Nu always dealt. And did he lose. We freshmen must have made three or four bucks apiece. The dealers ran out of chips about 11, so we quit. Everyone agreed that the Nu Nus are nice guys, but that they sure don't know how to play poker.

The phone rang as we were going out. A Nu Nu brother answered and after talking a moment, started motioning frantically to his brothers. His face a got green, his knees started knocking and buckling, so another Nu grabbed the phone. I overheard him.

"This news is new to me," the Nu said. "I knew nothing about this nuisance. No, we haven't been bribing them either. Come on around and see for yourself."

Little groups of Nus began to gather after he hung up the phone and talk in anxious, excited tones. Phrases like "we'll have to cover up" or "we'll have to put up drapes so they can't see in," or "who could have ratted on us?" made me wonder.

I got real mad Thursday night at the Psi Eta house. I weathered the introduction routine and then heard a faculty member speak on the virtues of fraternity life. Next I saw a dull picture on Psi Eta parties. Some of us sneaked out on the porch back during the movie, but water was pouring off the eaves, so we came back.

While the film reels were being changed, I overheard two Psi Etaes chuckling about how they'd called up other frats and had scared the daylight out of them by accusing them of dirty rushing.

There wasn't any more rushing until earlier tonight (Sunday). I dropped by the Psi Eta

house for a final visit. They got me out. About 9:20 one of the fellows opened a window to let out the smoke. I took advantage of this opportunity to leap through the casement into the yard. The brothers followed me but my wind was better than theirs and I soon outdistanced them. Five minutes and over a mile later, I arrived at the Rho Psi place and told the fellows that I'd decided to go Rho.

So now I'm ready to pick up my bid tomorrow. Rushing was great fun, but it sure was peculiar in some ways.

Your loving son,
Filbert Emerson

Best 'Letter'

Each week Chesterfield cigarette's campus representatives are presenting a carton of Chesterfields to the student on campus who writes the best "Letter to the Editor" of the week to the Daily Tar Heel. The winner will be announced every Tuesday, and may drop by the DTH offices in Graham Memorial and pick up his carton of cigarettes.

The best letter last week, as judged by the Daily Tar Heel editorial staff, is the following, written jointly by seven students. Just how they will divide the carton of Chesterfields is their problem. Congratulations!

—Ed.

We, leaders of religious groups on this campus, believe that God does not have any favorites. We feel that His love does not recognize the distinction of race, nationality, or color, and that we, children of God, must recognize our common humanity. Therefore, we feel that segregation because of race, nationality, and color in all walks of life is contrary to God's moral law.

We agree with the statement in your editorial "Should Segregation Go?" that traditions can not be ended overnight. It is our belief that the ending of segregation in graduate education is the next step. This approach has proved constructive in the Universities of Arkansas, Oklahoma, Maryland, and Kentucky. That Negro students would be welcomed in our graduate schools is indicated by the poll of graduate students published in the Tar Heel in the Spring of 1948 showing that a large majority of these students were in favor of such a move.

The moral responsibility for leadership in this matter rests upon the students, faculty, administration, and trustees of this university.

Edlyn W. Freerks
 Samuel H. Magill
 John W. Foust
 Allan Milledge
 Tom Donnelly
 Jay Joseph
 Joe Beasley

DREW PEARSON
 ON
The WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON—It's easy to understand why the air admirals are boiling mad at unification. To some extent you have to sympathize with them.

What they can't forget is that for years the Navy's airmen had to fight the battleship admirals and now, just as the airplane carrier has come into its own, they find themselves stymied by unification.

The admirals who put up this long running-fight with the old-fashioned battleship admirals include such brilliant officers as Gerald Bogan, Arthur Radford, L. T. Sprague and Jack Towers, now retired. Thirty years ago, just out of Annapolis, they went into the relatively new Naval aviation as fliers and worked up to the top. They were convinced that the future of the Navy lay in the air. They had the courage to believe this even at a time when most of the admirals swore that nothing could ever sink a battleship.

During the recent campaign in the Pacific, Admiral Sprague had the experience of commanding Carrier Squadron 22 with several other higher ranking admirals taking orders from him. Because operating carriers in battle formation, with their network of protecting airplanes and destroyers, is such a skilled job, Sprague, a junior, was in command. When the squadron put into Pearl Harbor or any other base, the senior admirals, untrained in carrier battle formation, then took over.

With the war over and the battleship being laid up in mothballs, Naval aviation at long last appeared about to achieve full recognition. Whereupon Congress passed the Unification Act, and with it, the chief air responsibility went to the Air Force. No wonder the air admirals are indignant!

The full story of the Navy's airplane carriers was one of the most heroic of the war, and the heroism was even greater because of a serious defect discovered in the carriers after the Navy had built most of them.

This defect—like most of the Navy's trouble—was due to faulty engineering and bad planning. Airplane-carrier designers had failed to take into consideration the possibility that decks were vulnerable and that once the deck of a carrier was torn up, no plane could take off.

The Japs, however, soon discovered this. The result was that suicide Jap fighter planes dived for the deck of carrier after carrier with deadly casualties. Entirely aside from the tragic loss of life, so many carriers were put out of commission that they had to be sent all the way through the Panama Canal to the Atlantic coast for repairs. The West Coast yards were too full.

At one time during the Battle of Okinawa, virtually all of the Navy's carriers were either en route back to the U.S. for re-

pairs or en route to battle after being repaired. The shipyards at Pearl Harbor were full. The West Coast yards were at capacity, and the East coast yards had to handle the overflow—despite the extra time necessary to carry the limping vessels through the Panama Canal.

Thus one Jap suicide plane could put a carrier out of commission for four to six months.

The British, foreseeing this, equipped their carriers with armored decks. Toward the end of the war, new American carriers were also built with armored decks. But it took a long time for the Navy to wake up to its mistake.

Experience in the Pacific proved that carriers were at their peak effectiveness in making surprise raids on the enemy. If carriers had to step in one place, as at Okinawa, they suffered unmercifully. But if they could sneak up on the Japanese mainland under cover of night, make their attack at dawn, and then retreat, their losses were much less.

It was the Battle of Leyte, where carriers also played an important part, which convinced many Navy men that unification was necessary.

The command in the Battle of Leyte was divided as follows. General MacArthur commanded not only the Army but the Western Fleet under Adm. Tom Kincaid. It was Kincaid's job to protect the landing of MacArthur's troops. The rest of the fleet was under Admiral Nimitz who had delegated the immediate command to Admiral Halsey.

Halsey was supposed to keep Kincaid advised at all times of his movements, but not take orders from him. During the course of the battle, Halsey advised Admiral Kincaid that a squadron of Jap Vesels were coming toward the Philippines from the North, and at X-time he would break away from the major battle and give chase.

When the appropriate time arrived, Admiral Halsey picked up his fleet telephone and told his commanders that X-time had arrived and to carry out their orders, previously received. His part of the fleet thereupon sailed off to the North. The battleships went with him.

However, Halsey's fleet telephone did not have the range to reach a part of his fleet. This part, consisting of smaller vessels, remained along the Philippine coast virtually unprotected.

It was suspected a few days later that the Japanese attack from the North was actually a feint in order to draw Halsey away from the major part of the Battle of Leyte; and afterward, information captured from Japanese admirals substantiated this suspicion.

Undoubtedly it was this incident that caused Halsey to tell the Richardson Board in the late summer of 1945 that he favored Army-Navy Unification.

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS**
- Note of a dove
 - Sheeplike antelope
 - Equality
 - High mountain
 - Straight
 - Batted ball
 - Ancient wine vessel
 - Edge
 - Nine; comb
 - Decay
 - Wild animal
 - Falls short
 - Behalf
 - Shrub
 - Grating
 - Gaelic sea god
 - Small armadillo
- DOWN**
32. Operated
 33. Chingling birds
 34. Only of day
 35. Adhesion
 36. New England state, abbr.
 37. Seaweed
 38. Opening
 39. Promin
 40. Piercing tool
 41. Before
 42. Turn to the left
 43. French river
 44. Statue
 45. Wing
 46. Nine-part composition
 47. Spenser character
 48. Thickness
 49. College songs
 50. Spring month

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55
56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66

R	A	P	T	O	L	E	I	C	O	N
E	G	E	R	V	O	L	D	O	M	E
P	O	P	U	L	A	T	E	N	O	
S	P	E	A	T	V	A	S	T		
A	S	E	R	I	V	A	L	A	I	M
L	A	R	D	O	I	T	S	I	R	E
E	G	I	S	N	E	O	A	N	O	A
C	A	N	A	L	S	R	E	C	E	N
G	I	E	A	T	O	R				
A	S	L	I	G	A	T	O	R	M	U
S	O	L	O	A	B	E	N	A	K	I
A	F	A	R	I	L	L	T	I	M	E
N	A	G	S	N	Y	E	E	N	I	D

- Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle**
- DOWN**
- Undisturbed
 - Messily
 - Restless
 - Smooth and glossy
 - Own; Scotch
 - Tavern
 - English letter
 - Bahylontau abode of the dead
 - Kind of game
 - Biological priest
 - Rodents
 - Depressed
 - Viper
 - The Four Hundred
 - Salt water
 - Small weight
 - Fury
 - Final of a spine
 - Channel marker
 - An English queen
 - Sail mauling
 - Marks
 - Far down
 - Beverage
 - Off
 - Stone fruit
 - mark
 - Everybody
 - Sun
 - Compass point
 - Female
 - sandpaper
 - Literary fragments
 - Method